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THE EMIGRANT.

My native hills! far, far away,
Your tops in living green are bright;
And meadow, glade, and forest gray,
Bask in the long, long summer light;
And blossoms still are gaily set
By shaded fount and rivulet.

Oh, that these feet again might tread
The slopes around my native home,
With grass and mingled blossoms spread;
Where cool the western breezes come,
To fan the fainting traveller's brow—
Alas! I almost feel them now.

Would that my eyes again might see
Those planted fields and forests deep—
The tall grass waving like a sea—
The white flocks scattered o'er the steep—
The dashing brooks—and o'er them bent
The high and boundless firmament.

Fair are the scenes that round me lie,
Bright shines the glad and glorious sun,
And sweetly crimsoned is the sky
At twilight when the day is done;
And the same stars look down at even,
That glitter in my native heaven.

On wide savannahs, round me spread,
A thousand blossoms meet mine eye;
The red rose meekly bows its head,
As balmy winds go dancing by;
And wild deer on the green bluffs play,
That rise in dimness far away.

Majestic are these streams, that glide
O'er shadowed by continuous wood,
Save where the lone glade opens wide,
Where erst the Indian hamlet stood;
But sweeter streams, with sweeter song,
In home's green valley glide along.

And there, when summer's heaven is clear,
Sweet voices echo through the air;
For children's feet press softly near,
And joyous hearts are beating there,
While I afar from home and rest,
Thread the vast rivers of the west.

Oh, in my dreams, before me rise
Fair visions of those scenes so dear—
The cottage home, the vale, the skies;
And rippling murmurs greet mine ear,
Like sound of unseem brook, that falls
Through the long mine's unlighted halls.

As down the deep Ohio's stream
We glide before the whispering wind,
Though all is lovely as a dream,
My wandering thoughts still turn behind—
Turn to the loved, the blessed shore,
Where dwell the friends I meet no more.

The Infant in Heaven.

Dr. Chalmers furnishes the following touching expression of his opinion on the subject of infant salvation. It is expressed in strong and beautiful language:

"This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question, that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her, when all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it a few months, or a few opening smiles, which marked the dawn of felt infancy; and ere it had reached perhaps the lip of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length to be overcome by it.

Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was passing a visitant, nor when carried to its early grave what a tide of emotions it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind it! On it, too, baptism was impressed as a seal, and as a sign it was never falsified. There was no positive unbelief in its bosom—no love at all for the darkness rather than the light—nor had it yet fallen into that condemnation which will attach itself to all that perish, because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

When we couple with this known disposition of our great forerunner—the love that he manifested to children on earth, how he suffered them to approach his person, and lavishing endearments and kindness upon them in Jerusalem, told the disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before him—tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb! And should any parent who hears us, feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under this roof, and at the end of its little period expired, we cannot think we venture too far when we say that he has only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the Gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven.

The blossom which withered here upon its stalk, has been transplanted there to a place of endur-

rance; and it will then gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been sorely wounded; and in the name of Him who if on earth would have wept with them, do we bid all believers present, to sorrow not even as others who have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation.

Oh when a mother meets on high,
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fear—
The days of woe, the watchful night—
For all her sorrow, all her fear—
An over payment of delight?

THE INSANE MOURNER.

BY F. B. GRAHAM.

Twilight possesses charms for the lover of solitude—if a communion with one's own thoughts may be considered solitude—and I have ever made it the period of lonely rambles. On one occasion not many years since, I was led (I know not by what) to the door of a cottage in a very small street in our city, where resided an elderly widow. A daughter and sister-in-law comprised her little fireside circle. Considering myself privileged by a slight acquaintance, I entered; for the formalities of the fashionable are not observed by the humble, though honest poor, and friends are ever heartily welcome to a place at their fireside. It was early in autumn, but the weather was not cold, and a few embers blazed upon the hearth. The matron told me that her widowed sister-in-law had not yet returned from her evening visit to the grave of her husband—who had been brought home a corpse but a few days previous—and she requested me to remain a short time.—The presence of a friend is ever a consolation to the bereaved, for gloomy is the dwelling from which death has recently taken a loved one.

I had not sat long before the young widow entered. She was beautiful, even though sorrow had driven from her cheeks the flush of the rose. But a few months had elapsed since she had given her affections to the man she now mourned.—A strange wildness beamed from her eyes, and a piteous smile played upon her countenance, as she sat down by my side, a victim of insanity.

"I thought you would come," said she, gazing wildly into my face: "they told me you would not—they said you had died in a distant land, but I did not believe it! Why don't you speak to me? You have forgotten me. Oh! why did you go away and leave me?"

She paused, and cast her eyes upon the fire as though musing. A tear trembled upon her eyelid for a moment and then fell.—Presently she gazed at me and said—

"Come closer to the fire, my husband—it is cold—very cold! You do not remember your Clara; but I am happy now—oh, yes, I am very happy, because you are with me again—you'll not leave me—I know you will not!"

Thus incoherently did she talk, but no one answered or attempted to lure her from her delusion. I looked upon her and my heart swelled with sorrow, at the sight of a form so beautiful and lovely. I have seen the tall oaks of the forest torn from the ground by a whirlwind, without a sign; but I have wept when the fragrant rose was riven from its tender stem by the Autumn winds. I have gazed upon the remains of a friend I loved, have wept over his coffin, and turned away to forget him; but when I contemplated the shattered mind of the being before me—when I viewed that once beautiful flower now lovely in its palid hue—contending with the storm of affliction, and in danger of being prostrated to the ground colorless and lifeless—my feelings were overcome. I could not weep for the very founts of sorrow were dried up by excess of sympathy, I could not endure the pain of so melancholy a spectacle longer, and in the midst of her incoherencies I arose to depart.—When I opened the door she caught hold of my arm.

"You are not going again" said she, "how can you go—do not leave me now—I know you never will return—I know you will not. I have had a dream, and if you go away I shall not see you again—I know I will not. Oh, will you not stay with me?"

I tore myself from her determined grasp, and hurried back to my lodgings, and never saw her again.

"To this very day, do I meditate upon the strange incident of that night, and frequently do I awake from a dreamy sleep, imagining that I hear her voice begging her husband not to leave her!—Poor thing, her troubles soon left her; and though her Henry never came back to relieve her disordered mind, she was soon called to join him in a better world.

The old lady of the cottage still dwells there, and to all her visitors repeats the sad story I have just related. She says often at twilight she imagines that the spirit of her Clara returns to her fireside; and the whistling of the winds through the crevices of her doors she turns into plaintive means of grief. I have since frequently sat in that chimney corner, and reflected upon the mysteries of the female heart—so confiding, so tender, and so lovely even amid the withering blasts of adversity.

Although a tender blossom, it is unfading; for when writhen with sorrow it never fails to bestow its fragments of love.

"Earth's blossoms thrive not in the shade,
Ere they by gentle showers' dews be heaven,
But that sweet flow'ry by kindness made,
So bud and bloom, will never fade,
And freely give its odors given."

GOOD TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition; it is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the bad feelings of the natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

THE "GOOD NIGHT" OF THE BIRDS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It was a Sabbath evening,
In Spring's most glorious time,
When trees, and shrub, and every flower,
Were in their fragrant prime,
And where the cloudless sun declined,
A glow of light serene,
A blessing on the world he left,
Came floating o'er the scene.

Then from the verdant hedge-row,
A gentle descent stole,
And with its tide of melody,
Dissolved the listening soul;
The tenants of that leafy lodge,
Each in its downy nest,
Poured forth a loud and sweet "good night,"
Before they sunk to rest.

That tender parting carol,
How wild it was, and deep,
And then, with soft harmonious close
It melted into sleep;
Methought, in yonder land of praise,
Which faith delights to view,
True-hearted, peaceful whisperers,
There would be room for you.

Ye give us many a lesson
Of music, high and rare,
Sweet teachers of the rays of heaven,
Say, will ye not be there?
Ye have no sine like ours, to purge
With penitential dew;
Oh! in the clime of perfect love,
Is there no place for you!

THE DARK EYED MAID.

BY MRS. L. HAYNES.

A lovely valley where the flourishing village of W— now stands in 16—was occupied by a circle of cone topped wigwams, before one of which at the close of a sultry afternoon, sat a son of the forest, whose girle of scalps and hieroglyphic marks told that he was a warrior and chief of high honor. His sinewy arm held forth a string of beads, while his piercing eye looked into those of a young female who eagerly sprang forward on seeing the baubles. Grasping the treasure with a laugh of joy, and twining them in her hair, she bounded away like a young fawn to join her companions.

On the hill side near by stood a well formed, fair faced youth in the garb of a huntsman, leaning on his gun. Through an opening in the trees he had been an unseen witness to what had just passed, and as he gazed after her who seemed a bird escaped from Paradise, he shouldered his rifle and with an apparently wearied step approached the spot where the chief still sat, who seeing him, asked:

"Whence comes the pale face—what seeks he of the red men?"

"Food and rest," replied the other; "three days ago I left Shawmut with a hunting party; while in search of game, I separated from, and being unable to find them, or my way out of the forest, I have since wandered about and was contemplating another night in the woods, when thro' the trees I saw the smoke of your cabin. I am ill; let me in it, and here is money," added he, temptingly offering the chief a handful of silver.

"The chief of a great people will not take it. His wigwam is open to the hungry, though he be a white face who would rob him of his game. Enter."

The parents of William Raymond came from England, with the hopes of retrieving a lost fortune. By their indulgence he at an early age had mingled with those circles of fashion that demand but payment for a recommendation. He had learned their vices, and had brought to this country an unprincipled heart, combined with a handsome face, and pleasing manners.

He was soon seated on a mat in the rough dwelling of the Indian, who recalled his daughter to tend on him. When William beheld her regular features, snow white teeth, sunny cheeks, eyes of such dazzling brightness, as to defy a knowledge of the true color, he thanked fate for placing him in the way of the forest flower. With his usual gallantry he arose at her entrance, when the red man said:

"This is the daughter of the great chief, the pride of the squaw, the idol of the warrior! They call her Violet Eye. Fifteen times the birds and flowers have come back since the Great Spirit gave her to me; turning to her, he added, "bring some venison and corn for the pale stranger."

A little time and William joined the games of the Indians; by his dancing courage, fleetness of foot, a skill with the rifle, which he presented to the chief, he soon became a favorite with them. For the maiden, whose guileless heart knew no wrong, he gathered wild flowers to deck her hair the brightest plumage for her dress; placed his

rings on her fingers, and tied his bright handkerchief around her neck. She in return, prepared him food, wove him moccasins, and smoothed the long fair curls from his brow, while he talked of love.

No cloud obscured the heart of the Violet Eye, but her whose presence made it sunshine soon tired, and under the pretence of getting ornaments for her, urged his departure, promising to return soon. She doubted not his sincerity when he pressed her to his heart, and kissed away the tears that moistened her cheek. When gone, she sought the loneliest spot to ask the Great Spirit for his safety.

Many moons passed, and Violet Eye looked in vain for him she loved. Her heart saddened, she no longer cheered the young warriors, in their sports; her ornaments were thrown aside, save such as had been his gifts.

The chief saw the change wrought by the white man's treachery, and swore revenge on his race. Soon after he met with one whose sword crossed the tomahawk, and sent his spirit to the happy hunting grounds. Violet Eye saw the green sod placed over him, and broken-hearted strewed the spot with flowers. A little time and she too was gone from amidst her people. They mourned but could not bring her back.

William Raymond on returning to his friends, who supposed him at a neighboring settlement, no longer loved his forest bride, and never referred to her but to boast of his conquest.

Five years had passed, and the axe had felled the trees far back into the country; their places were occupied by pleasant hamlets and cultivated patches. Where had echoed the savage yell and shrill scream of the wild bird, now rise tones of praise and prayer. Much was changed, even the heart of William Raymond, as now for the first time he really loved, and sued earnestly for the hand of a beautiful woman. 'Twas promised, the nuptial day arrived, and friends assembled in the village church. As they approached the rough altar, an Indian maid appeared before them: fixing her dark eyes on the female, in a warning voice she said to her,

"Wed him not! or you are cursed. On his soul lies the crime of a broken heart;" and turning to him, added, "William Raymond, the Violet Eye will be upon you; we meet again!"—and like a mysterious spirit she glided from the church.

Treating the occurrence as a maniac's intrusion, the ceremony was performed, but those tones of threatening evil long rang in the ears of the wedded pair.

Nearly two years, and the bright rays of hope had dispelled the fearful cloud that dimmed the bridal day. The savage inhabitants finding their game dispersed, and themselves driven from their early homes and the graves of their fathers, ever and anon gave evidence of spirits panting for revenge.

At the close of a battle in which many hundreds of the Indian race were slain, one stood victorious. On the "blood-stained snow" lay William Raymond, wounded with a poisonous arrow; by his side was the graceful form he once caressed, and the same voice that spoke at the bridal altar, now broke upon the ear of the dying man.

"William Raymond, when faint and weary, a dark maid of the forest nursed you; by the white man's arts you won her love. Your lying heart deceived—she was no more happy; the trees and flowers looked angry. Ashamed before her people, she left them at the Great Spirit's bidding, to revenge her wrongs. She warned the white flower that nestled in your treacherous bosom. Her eye followed you—her heart sought revenge, and has found it. 'Twas the hand of the Violet Eye that poisoned the arrow and sent it to your breast. She has brought a charm—can make you well."

Grasping at the shadow of restoration, he vowed to become her slave and think of none other, if she would apply it. He called her back to happy days, and spoke of future ones, as he half raised himself to take her hand, and sunk back almost exhausted. She bent over him till their lips nearly met. Had the old time come over her, and her woman's heart relented? Not—Raising herself to the full height, with a hugh of triumph, and a heart unmoved, she replied:

"You cannot rise to get it—Violet Eye will not give it. You shall die! and your scalp hang at the red man's belt." Snatching a dirk from his side, she continued—"When the Great Spirit passes you cloud you must die. Think of the white wife that wishes for you, look on the dark one now by your side. See! 'tis time." And with that hand

"So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate," she pierced it to his heart, and with the warm blood dripping from the polished steel, planted it in her own.

"If we do but watch the hour—
The never yet was human power,
Which could evade if unforgiven
The patient search and vigil long—
Of one who treasures up a wrong."

A celebrated English letter-writer speaking of the perfect want of all expression in the face of Talleyrand, says: "Such was the parchment-like character of his face, that if you were looking at him full in the eye, and a man were to salute him behind with a kick, you would not suppose from his countenance that any thing had happened."

Political.

THE ANNEXATION DOCUMENTS.

The public of New York were indebted on Saturday last to the Evening Post for the documents now before the Senate in secret session, in relation to the annexation of Texas. They occupy too much room for republication in our journal. We therefore present the pith of them within a more reasonable compass. The following are the stipulations of the proposed treaty:

ART. I. Concedes to the United States all the Texas Territories, to be annexed as a Territory. This includes everything in the nature of Territory, and all its appendages.

ART. II. Secures the immediate admission of the Texas to all the rights of citizens.

ART. III. Guarantees the security of all titles to real estate, and a speedy adjudication of all unsettled claims to land.

ART. IV. The public lands ceded are to be regulated by the laws now applying to public lands in the United States. If the sixteenth section cannot be applied (as now arranged) to the purposes of education, Congress is to make equal provisions for that purpose out of the public lands.

ART. V. The United States are to pay the public debt of Texas, however created, to the estimated amount of ten millions of dollars.

ART. VI. Provides for the appointment, by the President of the United States, by the consent of the Senate, of four commissioners to meet at the capital of Texas, within six months, to be in session not more than twelve months, to hear and settle claims for debts due, &c.

ART. VII. The laws of Texas to remain, till further provisions are made, as now, and all executive and judicial officers, but the President, Vice President, and heads of departments, to remain as they are.

The President's Message accompanying the treaty sets forth, that Texas became ours under the cession of 1823, that the people are mostly Americans by birth and in feeling, that it is a fertile country, that it has maintained its independence, that the inhabitants desire to be annexed to the United States, that the refusal of their present offer might alienate their good will, and induce them to look elsewhere for aid. The Message suggests various reasons which to the President seem conclusive of the propriety and expediency of the measure.

The next document is a letter from Messrs. Van Zandt and Henderson, the Texan agents, to Mr. Calhoun, alleging the desire of the Texan people for the annexation and showing the assets and liabilities of the single star republic as follows:—land unappropriated, 139,711,317 acres; debts of various descriptions, \$7,000,000.

Next is a letter from Mr. Van Zandt to Mr. Webster, Dec. 11, 1842, showing the brutal and uncivilized character of the war waged by Mexico upon Texas, and urging the interference of the United States either to stop it or enforce its conduct in a more christianian fashion.

The next is a letter from Mr. Upshur to Mr. Murphy, (our Charge in Texas,) dated August 8, 1843, in which he repeats a rumor founded on a private letter from a citizen in Maryland; that England desired the abolition of slavery in Texas. On this slender foundation a long argument is based, showing the bad effects of British influence in Texas, morally, politically and commercially. Mr. Murphy replies, showing how this movement was designed to be effected upon a proposition made by a Mr. Andrews, of Texas, and that for meddling with the matter he was subsequently driven out of the republic by force. He adds:

But the negotiations now on foot between Texas and Mexico, through the mediation or rather under the control of Great Britain, have changed entirely the whole character of affairs, and demand the most prompt and energetic action of the Government of the United States.

The people of Texas love their constitution and forms of government; and ninety-nine out of a hundred would die for their preservation.

The constitution of Texas secures to the master the perpetual right to the slave, and prohibits the introduction of slaves into Texas from any other quarter than the United States.

If the United States preserves and secures to Texas the possession of her constitution, and present form of government, then have we gained all that we can desire, and also all that Texas asks or wishes.

He deprecates the idea of Texas submitting to a Roman Catholic country, and asks the U. States to take ground in her behalf.

Another letter from Mr. Murphy, dated Sept. 23, reiterates these opinions.

Next is a letter from Mr. Upshur to Mr. Murphy, urging him to keep up frequent and free communications with Mr. Thompson, U. S. Minister at Mexico.

The next is a letter from Mr. Upshur to Mr. Murphy, marked confidential, and dated September 22, 1843, which goes warmly into the subject, deprecating British interference, expressing doubts how far Congress and the people will sustain Tyler in his views, and endeavoring to show that the interests of the North, if properly understood, would appear to be in conformity with the wishes of the South.

Next is a letter from Mr. Upshur to Mr. Everett, our Minister to London, dated Sept. 28, 1843, expressing anxiety as to the intentions of England with regard to slavery in this part of the world, and quoting an extract from the London Morning Chronicle of the 18th of August, which states the substance of an inquiry made by Lord Brougham, of Lord Aberdeen, as to the policy pursued by the British Government with regard to slavery in Texas. Lord Aberdeen was reported to have said that he was treating with Texas for "the abolition of the slave trade." Mr. Upshur requires Mr. Everett to make himself acquainted with the British Government, and to communicate fully and often with his own.

Accompanying this was sent a confidential letter to Mr. Everett, presenting these views more at large, and with increased urgency, and arguing in praise of the "domestic institution."

Next Mr. Upshur writes to Mr. Van Zandt, proposing to open negotiations for a treaty of annexation. Date, October 19, 1843.

Next is Mr. Everett's reply to Mr. Upshur's first letter. Date, November 3, 1843. We extract the following:

I had an interview with Lord Aberdeen the

first day of his return to town, having requested it while he was not in the country.

Lord Aberdeen said he was glad I had mentioned this subject, for it was one on which he intended himself to make some observations.

His attention had been called to some suggestions in the American papers in favor of the annexation of Texas to the Union, by way of counteracting the designs imputed to England; and he would say that if this measure were undertaken on any such grounds, it would be wholly without provocation. England had acknowledged the independence of Texas, and had treated and would continue to treat her as an independent power.—That England had long been pledged to encourage the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, as far as her influence extended, and in every proper way; but had no wish to interfere in the internal concerns of foreign Governments.

She gave her advice where she thought it would be acceptable, in favor of the abolition of slavery, but nothing more. In reference to Texas, the suggestion that England had made or intended to make the abolition of slavery the condition of any treaty arrangement with her was wholly without foundation. It had never been alluded to in that connection.

General Hamilton, as commissioner from Texas, had proposed that England should make or guaranty a loan to Texas, to be used to aid her in obtaining from Mexico the recognition of her independence, and in other ways to promote the development of her resources; and he himself (Lord Aberdeen) had at first thought somewhat favorably of the proposition, considering Texas as a fine, promising country, which it would be good policy to help through her temporary embarrassments.

But on mentioning the project to his colleagues, they deemed it wholly inexpedient, nor did he himself continue to give it countenance; nor was the loan, as proposed by General Hamilton, and at first favorably viewed by himself, in the slightest degree connected with the abolition of slavery as a condition or consequence.

In the course of last Summer he had been waited on, as he supposed I was aware at the time, by a deputation of American abolitionists, who were desirous of engaging the British Government in some such measure, (viz. of a loan, connected with the abolition of slavery); but that he had given them no countenance whatever; that he had informed them that, by every proper means of influence, he would encourage the abolition of slavery, and that he had recommended the Mexican government to interest itself in the matter; but he had held them, at the outset, that he should consider himself bound in good faith to repeat every thing that might pass between them to the Texan charge d'affaires.

We next have a letter from the same to the same, communicating the result of his correspondence with the Texan charge. Mr. Smith did not feel authorized to give Mr. Everett copies of his correspondence with Lord Aberdeen, but would send them to Mr. Van Zandt.

Next are extracts from three letters, Mr. Upshur to Mr. Murphy, all expatiating on the benefits Texas would derive from annexation, and urging its annexation to the United States.

Next a letter from Mr. Packenham to Mr. Upshur, Feb. 26, 1844, covering one from Lord Aberdeen. It says:

"It must be and is well known both to the United States and to the whole world, that Great Britain desires, and is constantly exerting herself to procure, the general abolition of slavery throughout the world. But the means which she has adopted, and will continue to adopt, for this humane and virtuous purpose, are open and undisguised. She will do nothing secretly or underhand. She desires that her motives may be generally understood, and her acts seen by all.

With regard to Texas, we avow that we wish to see slavery abolished there, as elsewhere, and we should rejoice if the recognition of that country by the Mexican Government should be accompanied by an engagement on the part of Texas to abolish slavery eventually, and under proper conditions, throughout the Republic. But altho' we earnestly desire and feel it to be our duty to promote such a consummation, we shall not interfere unduly, or with an improper assumption of authority, with either party, in order to ensure the adoption of such a course. We shall counsel, but we shall not seek to compel, or unduly control, either party. So far as Great Britain is concerned, provided other States act with equal liberance, those governments will be fully at liberty to make their own unfettered arrangements with each other, both in regard to the abolition of slavery and to all other points."

This letter takes away fully and completely the whole ground of alarm, and destroys the premises upon which Mr. Upshur first placed his reliance, and by which he justified his negotiations.

Next is a long letter from Mr. Calhoun to Mr. Packenham, commenting upon the avowed desire of Great Britain to see slavery abolished all over the world, and her intention to use all lawful and honorable means to attain that object—defending warmly the "domestic institution"—and announcing the conclusion of the treaty of annexation, as the means adopted by the United States to counteract the anti-slavery desires and designs of Great Britain.

And last, a despatch from Mr. Calhoun to Mr. Green, our Charge at Mexico (son of Gen. Duff Green) announcing the conclusion of the treaty to the Mexican Government, and assigning the reason therefor—to wit, fears of the designs of Great Britain. We make from this letter the following extract:

You are enjoined also, by the President, to assure the Mexican Government that it is his desire to settle all questions between the two countries which may grow out of this treaty, or any other cause, on the most liberal and satisfactory terms, including that of the boundary. And with that view the minister who has been recently appointed will be shortly sent with adequate powers.

We must say we are exceedingly disappointed in the character of these documents. They do not make out any case whatever, and will not satisfy the majority of the people of this country.

Braving.—It takes the Yankees to outface all creation. A jockey, at a late race, in England asked an American if he had such swift horses in our country. "Swift," said Jonathan, "why I guess we have—I had a horse in Baltimore on a sunny day, start even with his own shadow, and beat it a quarter of a mile the first heat."